

The next day was wet, and the child-ren could not go out. From morn-ing till night the sun never show-ed his face: dark clouds hid the blue sky. And the rain fell in such tor-rents, that if you ran out ^{only} to the gar-den gate, you would be wet through.

Even Mr. Brown had to ^{stay} ~~stay~~ at home, for no one could work in the fields on that rain: so he did odd jobs a-bout the house with the help of the two boys.

Where can all the water come from? said Ned: if the sky was made of great water butts ^{to} turn-ed up-side down it could not rain fast-er.

That's what I want to know, said Char-les: where does the water come from?

Come up, boys: can you see any blue sky? No, nothing but dark, heav-y clouds. Those clouds are the water-butts. They are made of water & they are full of water. When they get so full that they are very heav-y, down they fall thun-der-like: not a whole cloud at once, but, bit by bit, in

drops of rain.

Well, but where does the water come from? where do the clouds get it in the first place?

The sun is their water car-ri-er. He takes a great-deal of water out of the sea: comes to our duck-pond for a few pail-fuls you know how easy-ly it gets in hot weath-er: comes to the ink-bot-tle in the win-dow for a drop or two: wherever there is a little pond, the sun finds it out, & carries some of the water to the clouds.

Oh, I see: and when the clouds are too full, the water comes back to us as rain. Should we be glad, father, to see the rain?

Indeed we should: it is the rain which makes our fields green and our grain full of juice.

We can see the water come down ^{in little} drops, but I have never seen any going up. ^{father} That is the cause: it comes down in big drops which you can see, but it goes up, up, up, very tiny drops that you cannot see them at all.

Little Rain Drops.

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Oh! where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to day.

Tell me, little rain drops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do,
But sit here at the window:
I should like to play with you.

The little rain drops cannot speek,
But pitter, patter, pat,
Mean - we can play on this side,
Why can't you play on that?

The Foot-rule.

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The next day^{also} was too wet for Mr. Brown to go to work; so he said he would put up a shelf in the back-kitchen for Mr. Mother's pots & pans.

So he took out his foot-rule & began to measure the wall. Then he went to the shed & measured his wood, and marked with a pen-knife how long and how broad the shelf was to be.

You may be sure the boys were not far off; for they like to ^{watch} ~~see~~ men at ^{their} work, & to know how things are done.

"What do you call that bit of wood you measured with, father?"

"That is a foot-rule; it is so called because it is about the length of a foot; not of your foot, but of mine."

"But all people have not feet of the same size?"

"No; but all foot-rules are of the same length. Look at this rule & you will see it is marked off into twelve parts by little lines."

Each of these parts is an inch, and there are twelve inches in a foot.

Every one knows how long a foot is; so if I write to your uncle in London, Fred, and ask him to send me a piece of deal 8 feet long, & 6 inches broad, he will know just what to send.

Here is the rule; measure ^{on} along the floor how long ^{such a} plank would be, & how broad; you can make marks with this piece of chalk to show the length & breadth."

"Oh father, could you spare us the rule? We could measure the kitchen & everything in it."

"Very well, boys; when I come in to dinner, you must tell me how long & how broad the table is, show me how far it is from the fire, how long & how wide the length & breadth of the dresser is, show me how far it is from the door; and anything else I may ask."

Measuring.

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The boys went to work with great glac. One got a slate to put down the length & breadth of every thing, while the other measured.

First, Ned measured the out-side wall where the door & windows were. ~~From~~ ^{the} ~~ten~~ feet, 3 inches, he called out to Charley, who put it down. Then he

measured the in-side wall on the other side of the room. "Why, it's just the same; you must put down 14 feet, 3 inches again."

The side of the room where the fire-place was glac the boys, because the wall came out 2 feet into the room to make room for the chim-ney.

"You had bet ter meas-ure along the floor, in front of the fire," said Mr. Brown.

This wall was eleven feet, six inches long, & the op-pos-ite wall was the same length.

The table was the next thing, & the boys meas-ured how high it stood, as well as how long & how broad it was, & how far it was from each of the four walls.

"What a pity it can't meas-ure how high the room is!" said Char-ley.

And Mr. Brown heard him, and thought her steps; and Ned got up, meas-ur-ing as he went, un-till he reach-ed the ceil-ing. "8 feet, 8 inches," he called out ^{from the top step,} as loud-ly as if Char-ley were in the next street.

When Mr. Brown came in, the boys could tell him the length and breadth of neary every thing in the room; and how far every thing was from the door & from the fire.

"How many things do you know the length & breadth and height of?" "Oh, three; the table, & the dress-er, and the room itself."

"Then you know the length and breadth & height of a thing, you know its size," said Mr. Brown.

Meas-ur-ing the School-room. id1p43one33 43

"Father, may we take your foot-rule to school & ask Mras. to let us meas. ur?"

"Yes, you may take the rule; but mind you do not ^{leave} your master."

So when prayers were over, Ned said, "Please Sir, we have brought father's foot-rule, and may we meas. ur the school-room?"

"That you may, my boy; but wait till lessons are over, & I will tell you what to do."

After morn-ing school, the master said, "Every boy ^{in this class} may ask his father to lend him a foot-rule this after-noon, & you ^{shall} all once-ur the school-room. The boys who measure twelve things shall count it for their home lessons."

What-a meas-ur-ing there was to be sure! They meas-ured the walls, & the desks, & the doors & the windows, and could tell how far it was from the master's desk to every window.

At last, Tom Jones said, "Let us measure the play-ground;" so off they set, & soon found that it was 150 feet long, & ~~round~~ 95 feet broad. Then they found out how far it was from the school-room to each wall of the play-ground.

Ned meas-ured the long wall of the school-room, & found it was 47 feet long. "Why,"

said he, "how is this? the school-room was only 45 feet long inside, & it is 47 feet long outside!" Two or three other boys tried, but they found that Ned was quite right.

Just then, the master came out, & he told them that the thick-ness of the end walls made the outside wall longer than the inside.

What becomes of the Rain.

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"Oh, mother," said Mary, "we could hardly get to school to-day; there was quite a broad stream in the middle of the road; but Ned threw in big stones, and we stopped a long time."

"Ah," said Mr. Brown, "that is our old friend the rain. You want to know where the rain came from; but where do you think it goes to?"

"It runs away," said Ned; "it soaks into the ground," said Charley. "No," said

Mary, "the sun draws it up again to make more clouds of."

"You are all three right; but what becomes of the water that runs away? Where does it run to?"

None of the children could answer; so after tea Mr. Brown said, "Put on your hats and will you look at the brook?"

"Oh, father, how full it is! if there were a little more water, it would be over onto the fields. And see how fast it is going!"

"Look at the stick Dick threw in; it is nearly out of sight."

"Yes; it is quite plain that the brook is going some where, & that it is in a hurry, too. But what do you think has made it so full?"

"The rain?" said Mary.

"Yes; but not the rain that has fallen just here. No more rain has fallen ^{into the brook} here than falls ^{anywhere} upon our street. But then, the rain which fell in the streets & the fields flowed away in little streams which found their way down to this brook. And now the brook is hurrying on to join a much wider stream, called a river. And the river itself is running away to the great sea, into which it pours all its waters."

"Have you ever seen the sea? Char-ley? You have not? Well I promised Ned & Mary they should go to Chatham for a day this summer. so ~~as it is a hot day to~~ now, we will go tomorrow."

"Oh, father, I can just see the sea!" said Ned
the next day as he stood at the window of the
rail-way carriage.

"And I can smell it! how nice & salt-y
it smells," said Mary.

it smells, said Mary.
 So, they were on the beach, & pad. along
 in the water, with ^{out} shoes & stock. rip off.
 I got a pretty shell I have found!

"Look, what a pretty shell I have found!"

What is this? well

"York, what a pretty
"What is this?"
"That is see-weed; a great many plants
like that grow in the see."
"Let it taste!"
"The water is very salt."

"How salt it tastes!"

"How salt is the sea-water?"
 "Yes, ~~it comes~~ the sea-water is salt."
 "But the water of our brook is not salt."
 "Yes, the water of our brook is fresh."

Yes, ~~the water~~ the water of our brook is not salt.
The water of and brook axis fresh water.
No, the river is always salt.

No. 11. The water of the river is always salt. I can't see to the end of the bay.

No, the water of the river is always salt, but the sea is! I can't see to the end of it. And see the ships over there, how they sail away! "ships will sail"

of it. I don't see how
they sail away! "Some of those ships will sail
across the wide sea for many week
before they come to dry land again."

"Oh, father, the sea is going to flow over the land! it is ~~over~~ so much further as in them when we came down to the beach."

"It will go out again, soon; the sea is always running up to the land, & then running away from it; and this move-ment is called the coming in and going out of the tide." — See that the water of our brook

of the tide
reaches at last?
"Yes, the broad stream flows into the sea in the
very river into which our little brook poured its water."

"reach. at last?"
"Yes. that broad stream flowing into the sea so the
very river into which our little brook poured its water."

The Boys & the Waves.

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Roll on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about & roar;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, & then
Run on across the sea.

"We dare not so," the waves reply;

"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters & the land."

"And all should keep to time & place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school."

And-again rhyme.

And Mary crept up to their Master's side when they went out to play, meet-day. They wanted to tell him ~~all~~ about their day at the sea-side.

"We got all these shells yesterday ^{from} on the beach," said Mary in a cheery voice, holding up a little basket full of shells.

"And a great deal of sea-weed besides," said

Med.

"Well, and ~~what~~ did you like the sea, children?"

"Oh, Sir, it is so big: father said it would take some ships six ^{or} seven weeks to ^{sail} get to the far land they were going to."

"Were there any waves?" "Yes, there were little waves that kept coming closer and closer in to the land: father said it was the tide coming in."

"But those are not the sort of waves that make ships go down; are they, Sir? Mother told us about a ship-wreck; and the great waves went up to the top of the masts, & ^{stunned} the poor ship over, ^{& nearly took her in pieces} and all the sailors would have been drowned, only a life-boat came & took them up."

"There are the great storm waves which only come ^{only} when there is a very strong wind."

"Where do the ships go to Sir? I should like to know all about the sea, & about Africa & London & all the places in the world."

"Soyon shall Med: you are getting quite old enough to learn ge-o-gra-phy. We shall begin next week, & then Charles will learn a little before he goes."

"Thank you Sir; but, if geography tells us about places, I think Charles knows some already. He is nine years old, & I am only seven."